

# Good Morning 774

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



## Order for Sto. S. Hall

MRS. FLORENCE HALL has a date with her husband First Class Stoker Steve Hall isn't likely to forget his first wedding anniversary on Dec. 23, but it might just slip his memory that its Flo's 21st on Christmas Day, and she wants him to be back in 60, Bernard-street, Walker, Newcastle-on-Tyne, in time to celebrate the double event.

So there's your order, Stoker Hall:  
Flo and Amy, your sister, had a really good time together on holiday at Kirkcaldy. They stayed at a little guest house, did the heck of a lot of hiking, and enjoyed every minute they spent in Scotland.  
Sister Grace is sewing as hard as ever, and young Kenneth, getting more of a handful every day, has a new kitten, brought from Jesmond, to tease. Flo, your wife, is saving as hard as she can for the house you are going to set up together when you get back. She is saving, not buying, furniture that is, for she doesn't like utility stuff, but she is collecting all the useful little odds and ends you will need for the pre-fabricated house she has her eye on for the time of your return.  
Mrs. Craig, Flo's mother, has one complaint against you... but it is a very mild one. Just as soon as Flo gets a letter from you she sits down to answer it, and how!  
Supper gets cold and mother's cooking gets spoiled, but cooking is love's labour lost when Flo gets pen to paper on a letter to you!

# Welsh Pitboy v. Western Playboy

I AM not going to enter all the intricacies of the rules of the boxing world in these Tommy Farr articles. I am not going to explain why Farr did or did not meet one or other boxer. There are so many rules between one authority and the next that we'll skip them all. So we'll take the big fights just as they came up, and leave the arguments to somebody else.

YOU remember Max Baer, who was the heavy-weight champion of the world? He lost that claim about two years before he came on a visit to Britain with his young brother, Buddy. It was the one-time dock labourer, Jimmy Brad-dock, who took the title from Baer.

In 1937, over comes Max to London, and Tommy Farr was signed up to meet him at Harringay on April 15th of that year. Farr was climbing through the meshes of rules and regulations to get to the top and meet the champion—Joe Louis.

Baer had another title before and after he lost his boxing title. He was known as the Clown of the Ring. He just apparently couldn't stop clowning when he was fighting. But he had no clowning in him at Harringay. I'll tell you why.

He expected to put it over Farr in a few rounds. But it was not the Farr he expected to meet who faced him that night of April 15th. It was not the Farr the British critics expected to see, either.

The critics were all wrong about Farr before that fight. I know only one who admitted this. He started his article by saying "I was entirely wrong about Farr." Max Baer could have said, "Ditto."

I want to emphasise all this because Baer was the conqueror of Schmeling, Carnera, and a lot more; and plenty of people at this match declared beforehand that Tommy Farr was going to be smashed up. All right, some folk always know.

And now to the ring. Trumpets shrilling a fanfare in the Harringay manner. Search-lights playing on the ring. In walks Tommy Farr, clad in an old woollen dressing gown. In walks Max Baer, covered with a pearl-grey bathrobe.

"Tommy Farr's funeral," said someone, as the gong went.

There was no funeral in Tommy's mind. He slipped across the ring and let of a drive for Baer. Back came a barrage of lefts and rights to the body that made Farr break ground.

He hauled off, then was back again, and this time he landed a beauty at Baer's mouth. The smile that had been on Baer's face was wiped off as one drags a sponge over a mask.

He got down to it. He jabbed at Farr's face, jerking the Welshman's head back time and again, four times in quick succession. And then Tommy lashed out, a right jab with a right cross following—and blood began to pour from a wound in Baer's left eyebrow.

The blood came in spurts, running down his face. It went into his left eye and bothered him. But he jumped back to his corner at the end of the round, seemingly unperturbed.

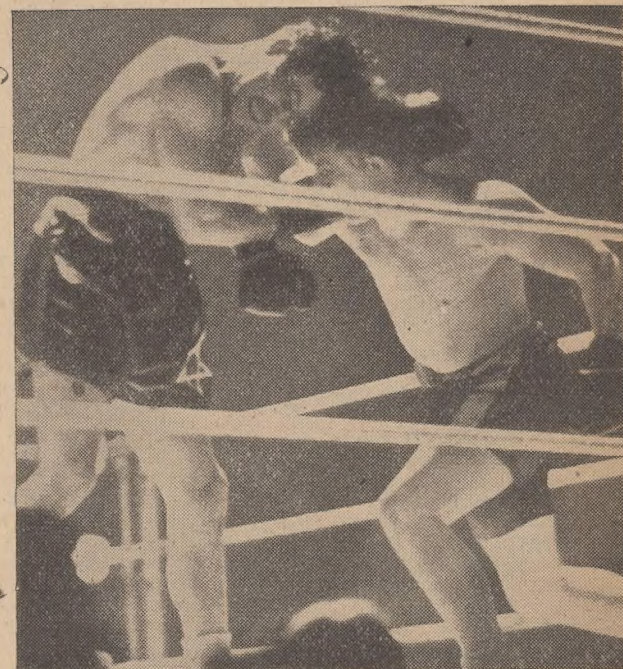
## LARRY MARKS Writes the life romance of

Tommy Farr.

Again, when the gong went, it was Farr who led the attack. He got a full-flush punch on Baer's Hebric nose, then a hard left and right hook to Baer's head. And Baer, who had been starting his funny clowning—or something like it—stopped clowning right away.

In the third round the eyebrow cut, which had been closed, opened up again. Twice he closed in, a barricade of elbows and moving fists—and twice he seemed to be puzzled with the weaving, restless tactics of Farr. Often Baer missed his hits because of the bobbing of Tommy, and as often as he missed, in jumped Farr and landed something and away again.

By the sixth round there was nothing of the playboy about Baer. His hair hung limply down, his wound on the left eyebrow was a ruddy angry patch, he had lost his clowning for good in that fight.



Seventh round showed that Farr was not afraid to mix it with this once-champion. But it was in this round that the American tried to get his old mastery of the ring. He forced Farr towards a corner, swung mighty blows with both left and right. From corner to corner they moved, Baer trying to attack and force the pace, Farr avoiding the punches without too much effort.

But again Baer seemed to be fascinated by Tommy's moving head. He got it within reach, jabbed the Welshman's face viciously, forced his head backwards four times running, beating him to the punch. But that rally didn't last.

At the start of the eighth round Farr waded in and bang went his fist into Baer's left eye again. This time it was serious—for Baer. From the old wound a small fountain of blood burst out. It half-blinded Baer. He pawed the air like a blind man feeling his way; but all the pawing did not help him.

Farr came in again and again, and every time he struck, he struck at that wound. And every time the wound received the blows it spouted blood again. If ever a man was beaten it was Max Baer then. It was a pretty sickly grin that haunted his features like the ghost of a spectre's smile.

He could not stop this young ex-miner from attacking. He could not defend himself as the crowd had expected. All he could do was to try to land his famous right on Farr's heart or head; but the famous right just wasn't there, and the rights that were there landed mostly on Farr's elbows or guards.

And that was how the eighth round went, and the ninth, too. At the end of the ninth there was a bit of a mix-up, for neither fighter, nor the referee, heard the gong go and continued to box until a signal was given.

And just before the tenth began, Buddy Baer, young brother of Max, bounded up the steps to his brother's corner and whispered something in his ear.

I don't know what he whispered, but if it was how to secure victory, it was about eight rounds too late. The truth was that Baer was mastered. Tommy Farr went after him flat-footed in the tenth, and also in the eleventh round, trying for a knockout; and Baer was trying, too, but more feebly.

Suddenly Baer seemed to think it was all up with Farr. With a tremendous effort, the American leaped in for what he meant to be the kill. He

landed three hard rights to Farr's jaw—bang, bang, bang. Tommy Farr should have dropped there and then. Tommy Farr didn't drop. He just shook his head and tore into Baer, swinging right and left.

There was a clinch—and over Farr's shoulder Max Baer was spitting blood.

Well, why go on? Farr finished that fight as he had begun—on the aggressive.

When the final gong sounded the referee (Mr. C. H. Douglas) did not hesitate. He walked up to Farr and raised that fighter's glove.

At that sign the audience broke into tumults of cheering. The Welsh contingent burst into song. Victory for Tommy Farr was victory for Wales.

And Max Baer? After, when he could speak, he said: "Well, folks, it seems like Tommy Farr figures that the ring floor is just one of those places where a British son never sits. That's where I aimed to send him. But I couldn't. . . . Maybe I'm getting old."

Within an hour of his victory Farr received two offers by cable to fight in America. But the next objective was not in America. Mr. Walter Neusel was on the list.

And what did Tommy Farr say about his victory over Max? Just what you'd expect. "I'm particularly glad I won, because there are so many knbwall's who were shouting the odds that I couldn't win."

Well, he showed them in that bloody massacre of the great Max Baer.

(Another article in No. 777).

## Why Rugby Union rules with firm hand

RUGBY football in the British Isles is controlled by four Rugby Unions representing England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, which work together on an International Board of Control to make the laws and settle disputes in connection with international games.

On this Board the Rugby Union, which preceded the Scottish, Irish and Welsh organisation, has four seats, and the others two seats each.

The Rugby Union has its headquarters at Twickenham, and has as its president Mr. John Daniell, of Somerset, with Eng. Commander S. F. Cooper, R.N., as secretary.

It rules the games firmly, especially on the question of true amateurism. It was on this point that the "Northern Football Union" broke away in 1893, to become in due course the "Rugby League," allowing not only open professionalism, but using a different set of rules, with 13 players instead of 15.

The present harmony between the Unions, which are agreed on all major principles, including the need to discourage the

playing of matches for cups and competitions, was not reached without a struggle.

Rugby is said to have originated when an enterprising Rugby schoolboy, William Webb Ellis, picked up the ball and ran with it, in 1823. But it was not until 40 years later that this became a definite game on its own, and the Rugby Union was founded in 1871 by 17 of the leading clubs.

This was the beginning of the complete separation of Association and Rugby football, which developed on completely different lines.

The Rugby Union ended the chaos of the rules. These had varied so much from club to club that before a match the captains had to get together and agree what rules they would play!

Even the agreement on standard rules by the Rugby Union did not end the misunderstandings and disputes. There were Scottish clubs in the Union but two years later they decided to form their own union.

Ireland and Wales also evolved their own unions, and

all agreed to accept the Rugby Union's rules.

Unfortunately, in 1884, a try scored by England in the match against Scotland was disputed. The Scottish Union would not agree, and prolonged negotiation between the two bodies brought no agreement. There was no match against England in 1885.

The principle at stake was whether the Rugby Union, now chiefly English, had the right to "dictate" the rules.

It was proposed that an international body should be set up to decide disputes arising out of international matches, but the Rugby Union would not agree to such a board framing the laws—only to settling disputes to its own laws.

Finally, all the unions agreed to submit the matter to arbitration.

In 1890 Lord Kingsburgh and Major Marindin arbitrated, and provided for the formation of an international board to form the rules and settle disputes.

This is the organisation that

exists to-day, except that in the early years the Rugby Union had six seats—equal to the representation of the other three unions put together—instead of four as at present.

Since that time, except for the dispute over professionalism, which was settled quickly, Rugby football has been efficiently and smoothly governed.

It is the most wholly amateur of all games, any infringement of the rules or the spirit of the rules in this respect being instantly punished.

R. L. Stephens

## Business

ABERDEEN F.C. mean business this season. Back in the top division of the Scottish League, they are managed on a full-time basis by David Halliday, former Dundee, Sunderland, Arsenal and Manchester City player, who has now been released from his war engineering job.

Raspberries  
are our  
favourite  
fruit.



So write and tell us  
what you really think  
about

"GOOD MORNING"

Address:

"Good Morning,"

c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,

Admiralty, London, S.W.1.



# BALATA THREW HIS AXE

BLUDSOE went down to where landed, dragging his wounded leg were leaving him, and he was dawn, If ever a man endured the his, canoe was tied to a post behind him and began his march seeing things through a vague torments of inferno it was old in the mud of the river bank, through the forest. He struck blur, which was tinged with red. Bludsoe then. He dumped his kit aboard, and a blazed trail, and followed it He dared not eat the meat in his pack, though he was hungry. He chewed reeds and blades of grass, and from the river he lifted water in his cupped hands and laved his brow and wounded leg. He was now in the last stages of the poison bite.

More than once he was bitten. Pain shot up his leg in swift, and tapir makes good eating, terrible pangs. His foot became Bludsoe built a fire, and started inflamed, and his leg up to the out to look for the tapir. calf, was swollen. Yet he dragged

He was trailing the animal himself along, stopping only once through the undergrowth when he to cut a rough crutch from a tree heard a hiss behind him. He so that he might support himself wheeled and swung his machete. As he toiled. It was late in the afternoon when he reached the first balata tree. He had journeyed nearly a hundred miles.

Then another hiss made him turn. This time he struck once more, and with the same effect, but not before the snake had bitten deep into his leg.

As the head dropped, he saw the fangs squirm back into the horrid mouth. He ran back to his canoe and ripped his trousers up to look at the bite. It was in his calf, two small punctures, red and inflamed.

Had Bludsoe had his supply of rum, he would have bathed the wound with the liquor; but he had no rum, and all he could do was to tie a cord tightly round his leg and press out the blood with his fingers.

He also cut a small circle of flesh out and put leaves over the circle. He lay down to take a meal, and afterwards he pulled his canoe out into mid-stream and continued his journey.

It did not need his woodcraft to tell him that there was small chance of his ending the journey for the gum.

By mid-day he had reached the end of his water journey. He stream. By this time his senses

## Finish of Plain and Unvarnished

All through the night he paddled, enduring agony which would have killed a lesser man. By dawn he was exhausted and in delirium.

The paddle dropped from his hand into the bottom of the canoe. His head fell forward on his chest. He began to babble incoherent things. The canoe drifted towards the bank and stuck on a mud shelf.

The parakeets in the trees above became quiet when they heard. The wild fowl hid among the reeds. The tapirs remained in their hiding-places under the overhanging banks. They did not know that the hunter was harmless.

The sun came up and beat on the forest and on the river. The fever in his blood raged while the daylight lasted. It was evening when his senses returned, and he opened his eyes to see the shadows on the river.

He seized his paddle, and began to urge the canoe forward with his failing strength.

It was just on midnight when he sighted the camp. With a great effort he dragged back his fading

He lay for a moment to collect his strength, and as he lay he saw

Only a dog here and there growled at the scraping of the canoe's bow on the river bank.

Bludsoe could no longer walk on his feet. It was entirely by strength of will that he dragged himself from the canoe.

Fastening the cups of gum round his waist, and with his machete hanging from his belt, he crawled ashore. He would still be in time to save the camp, and let the men have the alambique.

For the sake of these hunters he had done what no man had ever done before, and had endured agonies beyond telling.

As he crawled up the bank he heard a footstep over by Jose Gregorio's shed. It was a stealthy step, made by one who was moving cautiously. Bludsoe remained still, supporting himself on his hands, watching. He saw a figure move round the shed.

The door opened and the light glimmered; then the figure emerged, the door was shut again and the figure moved rapidly away.

Bludsoe groaned. He recognized the figure.

He lay for a moment to collect his strength, and as he lay he saw

a strange thing. A thin curl of busy superintending the subduing smoke was issuing from the shed, of the flames which were burning and after the smoke came a swift, his shed, the padre arrived on the leaping flame. The shed in which scene.

"We have saved the alambique," said Jose triumphantly, "and we shall have the fiesta rum, after all: terrible. He was some distance but I cannot find the man who started the fire. Now, if Balata Bludsoe had been here—"

"He is here, returned the padre, shaking his head. "He is lying near my hut. I came to tell you. Perhaps it was he who caused the fire. He must have been searching for rum."

Jose Gregorio started and stared at the padre. "Balata dead?" he exclaimed. "Balata come back? Let me see this business."

It was not yet dawn, but Jose soon found Balata Bludsoe. Jose Gregorio bent down and saw all that remained of the greatest hunter the Caura ever possessed. He examined his clothing, his belt, the canoe down by the river, and the trail. The padre was with him as he went over the ground carefully with a lantern.

At last Jose ceased to examine, and turned to the padre. (Continued on Page 3)

## QUIZ for today

1. What is the number in the cup farthest from the player in bagatelle?
2. For what is Dame Laura Knight famous—singing, politics, painting pictures, acting?
3. The capital of Turkey is: Constantinople. Athens, Ankara?
4. Who was the last King of England to claim to be also King of France?

5. Over what counties would a crow fly (in a straight line) from Bristol to Liverpool?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Nicodemus, Titus, Matthew, Moses, Luke, Paul.

## Answers to Quiz in No. 773

1. Cribbage.
2. Octahedron.
3. Venezuela.
4. Robert Blake, naval commander in the 17th century; William Blake, poet and artist in the 18th and 19th centuries.
5. Polo.
6. (a) Norway. (b) Denmark. (c) Iceland.

## The Perfect Murder

THERE are a good many people who would give a lot to see a film which is to have its first showing in London.

Little men who are being nagged to death by their wives: hard-up spendthrifts with rich, old, but disgustingly healthy uncles: chaps who just don't like the looks of the people next door: wives whose husbands snore in bed: office-boys whose bosses refuse to give them a day off for their grandmothers' funerals just because they coincide with Derby Day, and so on. ....

But they haven't got a chance. It's a film which has been made for a very select audience—police detectives. It's called "According to Plan," and it depicts the perfect murder.

Made by men attached to the West Riding Constabulary of Yorkshire, headed by their superintendent, its plot was woven by detectives, and all the stars are C.I.D. men.

They worked hard to produce a fool-proof crime, and they succeeded—though in the end the killer stands in the dock and has the death-sentence read to him.

But, apparently, that's only to encourage the police force and give the film a happy ending.

During the course of the film, which runs for some seventy minutes, indications of the way in which the murderer might have escaped his appearance before the judge and jury are given so that the audience can learn to look for likely slip-ups by criminals.

So revealing is the film, both of police methods and the best methods of committing murder and getting away with it, that it will never be seen by the public. Not even by the ordinary member of the police force.

Only one indication of how the crime is done has been made known.

The murderer used a "blunt instrument"—a poker. The weapon figures largely in the detection of the crime.

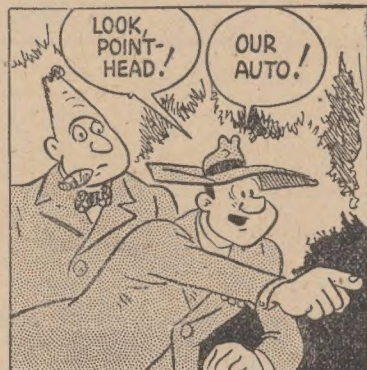
The police called to the scene demonstrate how carefully the poker should be packed so that experts can trace hair and finger-prints on it and place the blood-group of blood found on it.

Boys! If ever you feel like hitting anyone over the head with a poker—don't do it! If there's one thing the "dicks" know from A to Z now, it's that useful bit of house furniture.

It will be far better to use a poison unknown to the medical profession—that always baffles the police.

D. N. K. BAGNALL.

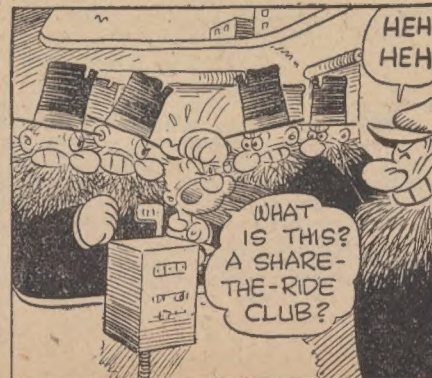
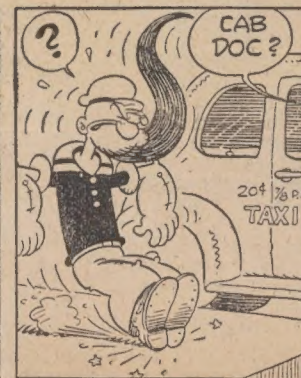
## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



## POPEYE





Wangling Words No. 712

- 1. Behead a short race and get some type.
- 2. Insert the same letter 5 times and make sense of: ever-met-i-out-stom-okeys.
- 3. What word of seven letters, meaning to "copy," can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: Just as I climbed over the — the lightning struck the house and cracked all the — on the roof.

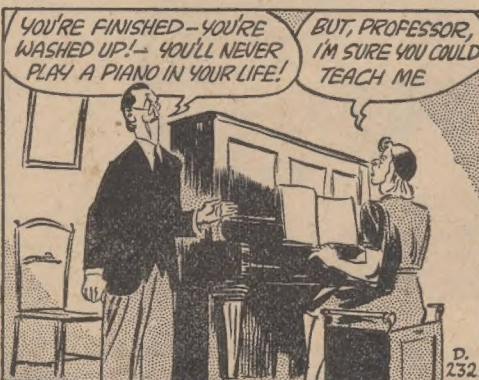
Answers to Wangling Words—No. 711

- 1. T-RIM.
- 2. That man made a model mammoth.
- 3. INVITE.
- 4. Nicest, insect.

JANE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Balata threw his axe

(Continued from Page 2)

"How did you know he was here?" "I was coming out to help you fight the flames of the fire when I stumbled over him. He had gone to the forest to bring back gum which he promised me."

Jose Gregorio looked at his dead friend, then at the padre. Then he turned and hailed the peons and hunters. They came running at his call.

Before them all he stepped forward to the padre and tore off the latter's cloak. Then he sent for a rope, and bound the man hand and foot, and told two peons to carry him down to the river.

A canoe was brought, and the man placed in it. No paddle was given him. Jose Gregorio had his foot on the edge of the canoe, just about to shove it off, when the padre opened his mouth.

"What is the meaning of this?" he asked.

The peons shuddered at the ferocity of Jose Gregorio as he turned to the bound man, for to condemn a padre was a bold act; but Jose Gregorio called them together.

"I shall tell you the meaning of this," he answered. "We got on well without padres before you came. We all owe you money for your services, but Balata Bludsoe has wiped out the debt. Henceforth, we shall live without padres."

He raised his machete and smashed the head of it through the bottom of the canoe, once at the stern, and once again at the bow.

With his foot he pushed the craft out into the swift current, where it was caught and carried with increasing speed towards the rapids.

Then when it was lost in the

gloom, Jose turned to the hunters to a pile of trimmed logs which had come up the river from the timber

"You wonder why I sent the mill. On each log was stamped the padre to the rapids? Come, I name of the timber."

He went over and searched for a few minutes, then beckoned the peon, who was also the camp carpenter.

The man bent down, and at Jose's invitation read the stamped inscription on a log. It was the quality designation of the timber.

BALATA STRAIGHT-GRAINED AND FLAWLESS INCORRUPTIBLE. PLAIN AND UNVARNISHED.

"Make that his cross," said Jose Gregorio.

THE END.

She: "A week ago Jack was crazy about me; now he doesn't understand me."

Friend: "Don't men change!"



"I don't care if she has been married twice before. Seven-and-six is the price—no allowances for depreciation."

Husband: "Do you call that thing on your head a hat?"

Wife: "Do you call that thing under your hat a head?"

Spotlight

WE have begun to export them! Hollywood has made bids for a considerable number of our highest-shooting stars and those that have not entanglements over here are packing up and going to make films for the U.S.A.

Twentieth Century-Fox are keen on having James Mason and Peggy Cummins, and Robert Newton continues to be in demand, although, so far, he has been unable to accept any such offers.

Roland Culver is appearing with Olivia de Havilland for Paramount, and Patricia Roc has recently made the trans-Atlantic journey to make a film in Hollywood.

Either we have to start importing American stars or we are going to find ourselves in a bad way over here.

SAM GOLDWYN has secured the rights to make a film about General Eisenhower.

In so doing he has brought off a coup which has no doubt made him the envy of many of his rivals.

It still remains, however, for the right man to be found to play the General, and herein lies an opportunity for some unknown aspirant.

Cathryn Rose

CROSS-WORD CORNER

N	G	A	M	E	B	L	A	B
E	V	A	R	E	P	E	A	T
S	I	L	K	L	A	V	I	S
S	O	L	E	S	R	E	D	A
L	O	G	I	C	A	L	H	R
H	E	N	D	U	G	J	A	M
I	T	R	E	M	O	V	A	L
N	T	I	C	N	O	B	L	E
T	A	R	T	A	N	W	O	O
C	O	E	R	C	E	T	O	N
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1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9			10		11		
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40						41	

CLUES ACROSS.—1 Pool. 4 Large ropes. 9 Join. 11 Admit. 12 Vegetable. 13 Grassland. 15 African river. 17 Orderly. 18 All in order. 19 Fertiliser. 21 Maiden name. 22 Ocean. 23 Hard stone. 25 Female animal. 27 Part of animal. 29 Like. 30 Glass. 32 Dot. 34 Write. 36 Rodent. 38 Self. 39 Part of flower. 40 Nut parts. 41 Scottish river.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Sea-bird. 2 Quick meal. 3 Storage pit. 4 Pronoun. 5 Affliction. 6 Crush. 7 Conclusion. 8 Timbercutters. 10 Tight. 13 Low. 14 Poem. 16 Ruminant. 18 Stone shaft. 20 Music group. 22 Consignor. 24 Swarming. 26 Swelling. 28 Animal. 29 School book. 31 Symbol. 33 Notice. 35 Kick. 37 Big deer. 39 Afterthought.

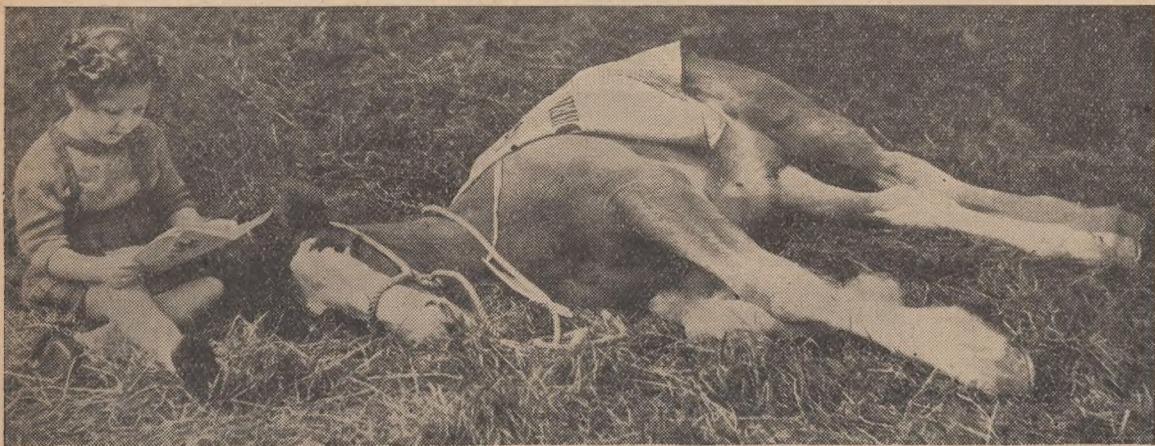


# Good Morning



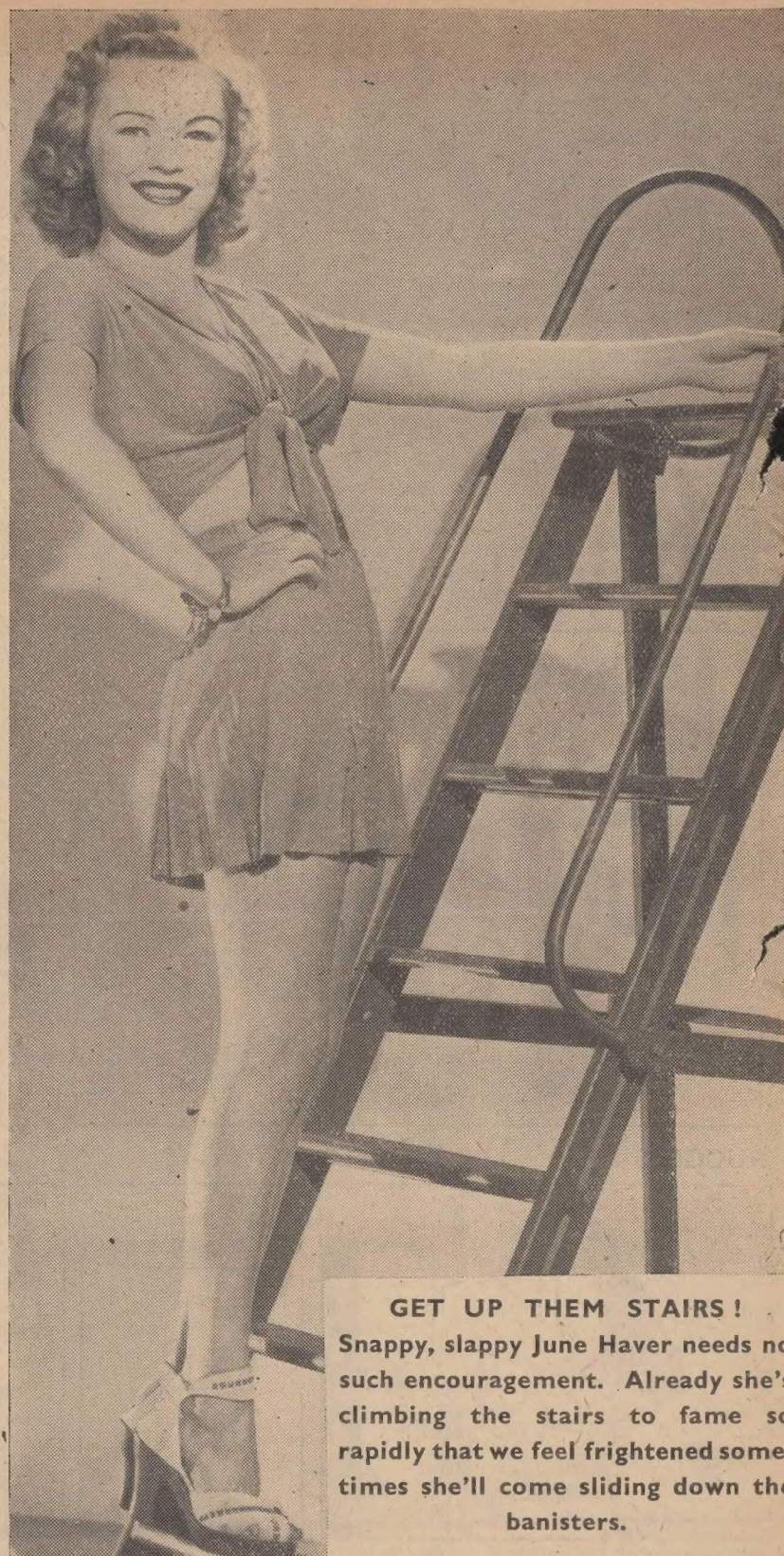
## SHEARER (SHEEP OR HAIR).

You would expect a shepherd to be handy with the shears—now, wouldn't you? And that's the way it's worked out at the little village of Clun, high up in the Shropshire hills. Farm labourers were going around looking like violinists—owing to the dearth of barbers—until old Joe Williams, the local shepherd, started cutting hair. He doesn't make a charge for his services—but a bottle of beer is a welcome present.



## HORSE SENSE.

Never stand up when there's a chance to lie down is good sense. Never stay awake when there's a chance to go to sleep is better sense. And that's the kind of sense possessed by this long-limbed foal, happily tired after its prize-winning efforts at a Yorkshire show.



## GET UP THEM STAIRS!

Snappy, slappy June Haver needs no such encouragement. Already she's climbing the stairs to fame so rapidly that we feel frightened sometimes she'll come sliding down the banisters.



## RAILWAY STATION SELLS POSTAL ORDERS.

The tiny station at Amberley, Sussex, is also the Post Office. The station master is also the post-master. So be careful when you're down Sussex way—when you ask for a return to Brighton you may be dished out with a dog license!



## NEIGH, NEIGH, A THOUSAND TIMES NEIGH.

Do nags go for ice-cream? Boy, look at this picture! The lad in the jockey cap and the Gordon Richards breeches finds it impossible to keep a cornet to himself. And ice-cream at the price it is, too!